

# THE BEAUFORT REPUBLICAN.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. OUR MOTTO IS—TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

VOL. II. NO. 40.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1872.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.  
Single Copy 5 Cents.

## The Blacksmith's Story.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. SCATTERGOOD.

Well, no! My wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same; she left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame. It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—when you hear the circumstances—'twas rather rough on me.



She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill; and when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him still; but I brought her here to Kansas. I never want to see a better wife than Mary was, for five bright years to me!

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow. I think she loved me—'I'm bound to think that of her, sir, and as for me—I can't begin to tell how I loved her!

Three years ago the baby came, our humble home to bless; and then I reckon I was high to perfect happiness; 'twas hers—'twas mine—but I've no language to explain to you how that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew!

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasping breath, dumb with an awful, worldless woe, we waited for its death; and though I'm not a pious man, our souls together for heaven to spare our darling went up in voiceless prayer.



And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy what words could tell? Clashed in each other's arms, our grateful tears together fell. Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest, but it only made the sunshine seem a doubly-welcome guest.

Work came to me plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing; early and late you'd find me there hammering and singing; love nerved my arm to labor, and tuned my tongue to song, and though my singing wasn't sweet, it was almighty strong.

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe, and while I was at work we passed a compliment or two. I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away at Malvern Hill. Did you know Robert May?



"That's me," said he. "You, you!" I gasped, choking with horror; but he just followed me; we'll try this mystery out." At Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert May?

With dizzy steps I led him to Mary. God 'twas true! Then the bitterest pangs of misery unspeakable I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone. She from her glistening lips broke one word, despairing moan. "That's he!" the husband of her youth, now risen from the dead, but all too late—and with that bitter cry her senses fled.



What could be done? He was reported dead. Of his return he knew in vain some tidings of his absent wife to learn. "Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd have killed him too. So, no more would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew!

It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide. And so, by her decision would secretly abide. Now, sir, at the judgment seat, waiting eternal doom, could I suffer what I did while waiting sentence in that room.

Blind and loveless there we stood, with woe as tense as steel. When Mary sought each white face, in pit-eyes appeal. God! Could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled? Between her lawful husband and the father of her child.

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice when she said, "Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive! Not dead!" I raised her tenderly and tried to tell her she was right, but somehow in my aching breast the prisoned words stuck tight!



"But, John, I can't leave baby!" "What! wife and child?" cried I. "Must I yield all? Ah, cruel! Better that I should die. Think of the long, sad, lonely hours waiting in gloom for me—No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to climb my knee!"

And yet you are her mother, and the sacred mother love is still the purest, tenderest tie that heaven ever wove. Take her, but promise, Mary—for that will bring no shame—My little girl shall bear, and learn to lip her father's name!

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife; but you, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life. One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was done! One long embrace from my baby, and happiness was gone!

## An Ingenious Swindle.

A fellow has been arrested in New York for an ingenious swindle. He sent lithographed circulars all over the country, in which he said:

I wish to sell you the enclosed note, which I received in payment of a bill of leather that I sold when I was in that business. I failed about three months since, and lost everything I had except this note. I am to be examined by my creditors in ten days. I will have to swear to whether I have anything left or not. If they find I have not sold this note I will have to turn it over to them. I cannot say whether they know anything about this note or not; if they ask me, I want to swear that I sold it to a man who lives out West; my lawyer says that they have no right to ask me the person's name that I sold it to, or how much I received for it, but they have a right to ask me what I have done with the money. Now, what I wish to do is this. You hold this note until about a week before it falls due, then put it in the bank for collection. They will not charge you more than \$5 for collecting it; then you send me \$800, and I will give you the balance for your trouble, which is \$160. Don't mention anything about this note to any one. I don't wish any one to know who holds it until after it is paid, then I don't care. During the war, when I was at Springfield, a friend of mine mentioned your name to me, and from what he said I know that you will be honest in this matter. I am afraid to let any one who lives in this State hold it, for fear that some of my creditors might find out who has it—then they could attack the note; but when it is held in any other State my lawyer says they can't do anything about it. Hoping that you will attend to this for me, I am, with much respect,

THOMAS D. THORP.

"737 Broadway, New York City." "P. S.—Send me \$5, which amount I will spend, then when I am examined I can swear that I expended all of the money that I received for the note, if they ask me anything about it. I will give you a receipt for the \$5." T. D. T.

"To Mr. A. J. Brooks." The promissory note is sent with the circular. It is printed on poor paper and has on the left hand side what appears to be a 50 cent internal revenue stamp; around the figure in small letters are the words "50 cent stamp is required by law on this note to make it valid." Any number of people took the bait and sent the \$5, and all will say it served them just right.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.—Few people appreciate the value of the village papers which gather up the news of a county and advocate the interests of a locality. And few understand the amount of ability required to edit such a paper, where one man must be editor, publisher, printer, book-keeper and all. Imagine how much the intelligence of the country would suffer by the blotting out of the country newspapers, which treat the immediate interests of the people and thus come into immediate contact with their minds. The true country editor understands that his paper thrives by being intensely local; that it is not by learned editorials on tariff and income tax, but by articles in favor of the new railroad, by description of the new factory, by advocacy of the new bridge, that he must succeed. People look at this column not only for the latest general news, but for a mention of every interesting fact of every curious matter of gossip in his own country. And thus the paper becomes the reflector of the current events and the public sentiment of his section. Nothing is too small to be itemized if only it is of interest. A country editor advertised the other day that he would insert a list of the names of all the people who had joined the churches in the county in a recent revival. Which showed that he understood his business. He proposed to chronicle every event of interest occurring in his jurisdiction. Every intelligent family should give a cordial support to the local newspaper. It is one of the great educational influences.

The ruins of Fort Sumter will shortly be removed, and a new fort constructed on the site.

## Dean Richmond's Forethought.

As an instance of the shrewdness of the late Dean Richmond, reaching frequently to prescience, the opinion of William L. Marcy, as expressed to me, touching the preliminary proceedings in New York, in regard to the Presidential election of 1852, may not be inappropriately produced in this connection. "If I had listened to the advice of Mr. Richmond, instead of acting upon my own judgment," said the far-seeing old statesman, "I should have been President of the United States instead of Franklin Pierce. The undivided support of New York would, as things turned in the Convention, have given me the nomination. Richmond foresaw the contingency which there arose, and hence urged more strenuously that the State Convention should appoint the delegates to Baltimore instead of remitting the choice to the several Congressional districts. My friends composed two-thirds of the State Convention, and there was nothing inconsistent with the usages of the party or unusual in what he recommended. Still I was averse to it, knowing I should have a majority of the delegation. He persisted, and while his arguments had great force, I reluctantly declined his proposition. He urged that a division among the delegates would be fatal to me; that in order to secure support from other States I must command the undivided vote of New York. But Beardsley and Dickinson would oppose my nomination, and with effect, alleging that I could not carry my own State; whereas, if our delegation acted as a unit, no such pretences could be set up. The results vindicated the sagacity of Dean Richmond. In fact, his foresight and penetration were rarely at fault. I never knew a safer adviser or a more far-seeing politician."

Lincoln, Greeley, and Richmond were seated in a handsome coach which had just been brought out on the Central Railroad; chatting in a free and easy manner. "This is something like, Dean," said Greeley, "but why don't you have all your cars made in this way? The common miserable old things are nothing but a nuisance." "We adopt improvements as they are invented," was the reply, "but the changes have to be gradual; we cannot afford to throw aside substantial cars that have cost a great deal of money, and stock the road with those that are more expensive, merely for the comfort of passengers. Whenever we build new ones, we incorporate all available improvements."

"Oh, that's no excuse," was Greeley's rejoinder. "The people confer upon you corporations special and extraordinary privileges, and I tell you they will not be content unless you give them the best accommodations to be had. Why don't you put on this kind of car at once?"

"Why don't we, sure enough? Why didn't you start your infernal *Tribune* with three hundred thousand subscribers?" "Horace, I think Richmond has rather got you there," quietly remarked Mr. Lincoln.

SCENE AT A TRIAL OF A COMMUNIST.—An exciting scene occurred the other day in Paris during the trial by court-martial of a woman named Augustine Chiffon. During the fighting in Paris this woman was seen in the streets, her hands steeped in blood, and boasting that she had killed two soldiers. On the entry of the troops she was taken prisoner and placed against the wall to be shot, but on her saying that she had tended the wounded, the troops spared her life. On the trial, an officer who was charged with her defence pleaded that her mind was deranged. "I am not mad," she exclaimed, "and protest against the words. I have suffered too much in prison, and demand to be put to death; but your turn will come also; the mex of Versailles were too cowardly to kill me, but you will be shot like dogs! Vive la Commune!" At those words the public rushed on her, and the guard had to interfere for her protection, and dragged her away, still crying out, "Vive la Commune! A bas Versailles!" and without her bonnet or shawl, which had been torn from her in the struggle. The court eventually condemned her to twenty years' hard labor. The woman was then brought back, and on hearing her sentence read, she again burst out in a tone of mockery. "The cowards, they do not dare! Bah! I am 35, and in twenty years I shall be only 55, and still good for something. But it is only a matter to laugh at; a change of Government, and I shall be out at once, and that will not be long. Vive la Commune!"

YONG DUNN.—The boy Dunn, about whose trial for manslaughter there has been so much excitement in New York, is a fair representative of the young rough of Gotham. He was sent to the House of Refuge on the complaint of his sister. He had been previously sent there on the complaint of his father. His own testimony shows him to be, if not a desperado, at least in the fair road to become one. He had while attending school stabbed his teacher in the knee because he considered himself as being punished unjustly. He was sent to Sing Sing for one year for killing his keeper in the House of Refuge.

Two New York Assemblymen were walking down State street, in Albany, after the passage of the charter bill. "I feel," said one of them, "as if I deserved to be kicked for voting for the charter." His friend replied, "That's just the way I feel myself; let us go up this alley and kick each other."

## Texas Cattle Drivers.

At Firebaugh's, says a correspondent, I fell at once from California to Texas. Who drives wild cattle must himself be wild, I suppose. I found myself in the evening, in a large room, used as a store and shop, where eighteen or twenty vaqueros or cattle-herders sat about an open fire, and smoked, and chewed, and swore, and spat, with great gravity and decorum. Some were Americans, from Missouri for Texas—the persons called "Pikes" in this State; some were Mexicans, who came in with jingling spurs, and with riding trousers made of calf skin with the hair left on, which gave them quite a startling and disgusting satyr-like look. There is nothing picturesque about the Pike. He is a creature for use and not for ornament. As I sat among these men, after supper, I began to think I should have to take some care not to be spit on; but the accuracy, neatness, and precision of their aim presently assured me. One fellow, lounging on the counter behind me, spat over my hat; a vigorous cross-fire was kept up by two others, across the toes of my shoes; a scattered but unintermitting rain fell upon the center of the floor, and occasionally the fire received a douche; but I believe I may safely say that no accident occurred in the whole course of the evening. It happened that Mr. Miller, the great cattle man himself, was present that evening. He is a German by birth, short, alert in his movements, neatly dressed, and with a good nose, a low forehead, but a remarkably expressive countenance. He busied himself with instructions to his foreman, smoking meanwhile, and I was amused to see that when once he got up from his chair, a vaquero slipped into it—and as there were more people than chairs, after wandering about the room for a while, exposed to a battery of tobacco-juice, the owner of half a million acres finally squatted down in the woodbox, at the side of the fire, and prudently took care not to get up again until he went off to bed. His men give him a good name for liberality and kindness to them, and to all workmen; and I believe there is no doubt that he is an uncommonly able business man. He began life poor, in California, less than 18 years ago, and has made his fortune "in cattle."

WHAT HE PROPOSES TO DO IN CUBA.—The *Daily Morning Chronicle* contains an account of what is proposed to be done under the lead of General Ryan, who left on the steamer Fanny for Cuba. The plan of operation is stated to be: On disembarking General Ryan will first rally the Coast Guard, and immediately dispatch fleet couriers to the interior of the island to announce to trusted Cubans, already aware of the approaching Army of Liberation, his arrival; and will with all expedition get together the largest force he can for the purpose of protecting the landing of two expeditions which follow him without delay. Three steamers put to sea the same day, each one having the same destination, but the Fanny will reach the rendezvous some little time in advance of the others. The entire force amounts to fully 1,200 men, and all of them are completely armed and equipped. General Ryan will remain on the coast, and expects to have, within forty-eight hours of his landing, at least five thousand true Cubans rallied to his standard, and ready armed to make a fight, if necessary, for the protection of the disembarkation of men from the two other steamers. More expeditions are to follow the one already started, and strong hopes are entertained that the great object will be accomplished between now and the Presidential election.

HAVING SOME FUN.—The return of the Derby races is always accompanied by fun and frolic, but the London *News* gives an incident of this year's return which happily combines fun and frolic with lynch law. On the evening of the races the occupants of a four-horse drag were amusing themselves as they approached home by pelting pedestrians with flour, peas, and other missiles. They pulled up in the Clapham road for refreshments, leaving three of their number to care for the horses, and these proceeded with their sport. Unfortunately they threw flour on the wife of a railway porter, who immediately called on the crowd to storm the drag. No sooner said than done, and in an instant the funny gentlemen were pulled from their seats, carried to a horse-trough, soundly dunked, rolled in the mud, and then sprinkled with their own flour. As soon as possible they and their comrades drove rapidly away amid the jeers and hoots of the crowd.

PAY OF ACTORS.—The following are said to be the weekly salaries paid to the late company at Wallack's Theatre, New York, John Brougham, \$200; Charles Matthews, \$500; John Gilbert, \$100; J. H. Stoddard, \$75; Mr. Polk, \$50; Miss Plessey Mordaunt, \$100; Mrs. Setton, \$75; Miss Helen Tracy, \$50. The nightly expenses were about \$700; the receipts averaged \$1,000. It should be understood that only the selected few in theatres receive such sums. The bulk of actors and actresses receive from \$5 to \$25 a week.

A CANADIAN inventor has lately obtained a patent for an ingenious process by which tools, after being first fashioned of wrought iron, may be converted into steel. This is accomplished by immersing the articles in a bath of molten cast-iron, free from sulphur and phosphorus, and charged with carbon to its utmost capacity. The size of the implement and the degree of hardness required govern the time it is to remain in the bath.

Take away from mankind their vanity and their ambition, and there would be but few claiming to be heroes and patriots.

## How Gunpowder is Made.

How do you think you would like to live, fearing every moment to be blown up; not daring to speak loud, to jar any thing, for fear of starting an explosion which would send you in an instant to another world? You don't think it would be very pleasant? Well, it isn't; yet hundreds of men live in just that state, work, receive pay, and live, year after year, in the very sight of death, as it were; all that the world may have gunpowder. You can easily guess that these men go about very quietly, and rarely laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun, or near a fire, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous all through the process of making. A powder mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to go into one. They are built far from the town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. These houses are quite a distance from each other, so that if one blows up, it won't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the building are made very strong, while the roofs are very lightly set on, so if it explodes, only the roof will suffer. But in spite of every care, sometimes a whole settlement of the powder mills goes off almost in an instant, and every vestige of the work of years will be swept away in a few seconds.

But though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made, perhaps you know, of charcoal, saltpetre and brimstone. Each of these articles is prepared in a house by itself; and the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one. In this building is an immense mill-stone, rolling round and round in an iron bed. In this bed, and under the stone, are put the three fearful ingredients of gunpowder. There they are thoroughly mixed and ground together.

This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches thick in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water power, is started, and every man leaves the place. The door is shut, and the machinery left to do its terrible work alone. When it has run long enough the mill is stopped, and the men come back. The operation leaves the powder in hard lumps or cakes.

The next house is where these cakes are broken into grains, and, of course, is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this—they are obliged to attend to it every moment; and you may be sure no laugh or joke is ever heard within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots and put on rubbers, because one grain of the dangerous powder, crushed by the boot, would explode the whole in an instant.

The floor of this house is covered with leather, and is made perfectly black with the dust of the gunpowder. It contains a set of sieves, each one smaller than the last, through which the powder is sifted; and an immense ground and laboring mill, where it is ground up, while the men shovel it in with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the men are silent, as in the other houses. The reckless crashing of the machinery even seems to give greater horror, and one is very glad to get out of that house.

The glazing house comes next. Glazing is done by mixing black lead with the powder, to give it a black and shiny look. The powder is put into barrels, which revolve for several hours. That polishes the grains by their rubbing together. The black lead is put with them, and they revolve several hours more. Of course the dust flies from all these operations, and the workmen, silent like the rest, look like very black negroes, working in the blackest of powder, in a room whose walls and floors are blacker than the rest, if possible. It has a very singular look to a stranger, and added to the terrible silence makes one feel as if the whole world had gone into mourning. Often, the gun powder, revolving so rapidly in the barrels, gets very hot; so this, too, is a dangerous operation.

The storing houses is the next on the list, and there the gunpowder is heated on wooden trays. From there it goes to the packing house, and is put up in barrels, kegs and canisters.

Safely through all these houses, it goes at last to the store house. One feels like drawing a long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away out of the hands of men in this very curious house.

You've heard of things being as dry as a powder house, but you wouldn't think this house is very dry. It is almost embedded in water. The roof is one big tank kept full of water. Did you ever hear of a water-roof before? Instead of steps to go in, there are shallow tanks of water, through which every one must walk to the door.

In none of these powder houses is any light ever allowed except sunlight. The wages are good; the day's work is short, ending at three or four o'clock; but the men have a serious look, that makes one think every moment of the danger, and glad to get away.

Though curiosity may take a man once to visit a powder mill, he has no desire to go the second time; and he feels all the rest of his life that for once he has been very near death.

## The Sisters.

There be three sisters sweet,  
But various in mind—  
One daring, yet discreet,  
True, humble and resigned.  
She standeth, where would others fall,  
And trusteth God for all in all.

Another, bright of mien,  
And jubilant with life;  
She speth the unseen,  
Beyond all earthly strife.  
Who hath this fair vivacious maid,  
Hath sunshine in the darkest shade.

The last is all divine—  
The greatest and the best.  
O world! I were she but thine,  
Thou wert supremely blest.  
But those who have these sisters three,  
Hath Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

## Farmhouse Notes.

TO MAKE HARD WATER SOFT.—Take an ounce of fresh lime and stir it well in a bucket of water, and as soon as it settles, the water will be soft and fit for use, as it will drive all impurities to the bottom. River water, when muddy, is better to drink by this process.

TO FRY FRESH FISH.—Have the fish well scalded, washed and drained; cut slashes in the sides of each; season them with salt and pepper, and roll them in corn flour; have in your frying pan hot lard or bacon drippings; dip them in egg before rolling them in corn flour, to keep them from breaking.

GARGLING THE THROAT WITH TEPID WATER will often afford relief from a troublesome cough. The ordinary cough mixtures—tinctures, lozenges and other nostrums—when judiciously used, load the stomach and seriously interfere with digestion, thus indirectly increasing the evil which they were designed to cure.

THE PLASTER PROBLEM.—If some scientific farmer wishes to distinguish himself, let him solve the riddle of gypsum. In hundreds of cases a bushel of plaster on an acre of clover has doubled the yield. Scores have applied it with no perceptible gain. Inland it generally works better than on the sea-coast. If salt in the air is given as the reason, some farmer 300 miles from the ocean will say that he always mixes salt with plaster and its action is increased and made certain by it. A writer in the *Ohio Farmer* tells us that it absorbs ammonia. Unless we know when there is ammonia in the air for it to absorb, that statement does not help the matter. A chemist analyzing the ash of a crop would find little or no sulphate of lime. His inference would be that it cannot furnish plant food; but sometimes it makes crops grow wonderfully. Who can tell the farmers of the country why it fails when it fails, and how it operates when it promotes vegetable growth?

COWS.—In the N. E. *Farmer* we find an account of an experiment made by a member of the Essex, Mass., Agricultural Society, which was substantially as follows: Four cows were selected from his herd when his pastures were parched with excessive drought. Two of them were fed night and morning, with green corn-stalks, as much as they would eat. The other two were fed with English hay of medium quality, as much as they would eat, all going in the same pasture during the day. Their milk was carefully measured. After about two weeks their feed was changed; those that had been fed on corn were fed with hay, and those that had been fed on hay were fed with corn for about two weeks longer, and the milk carefully measured. The result was nearly the same. There was no perceptible difference in the quantity of milk produced when fed on green corn fodder or English hay. He came to the conclusion, therefore, that it is much more profitable feeding on green corn fodder than on hay, as it costs much less. He adds, however, that corn fodder should not be used until it has nearly reached its growth, in the blossom, as it then possesses more nutriment than when cut earlier. It should not be sowed too thick, or grow in the shade.

## Fight Between Two Chinamen.

A fight at Virginia, Montana, between two Chinamen, named Mun Gee and Ching Ho, is thus described by the *Montanian*: "Throwing aside their outer garments, and each armed with a huge knife and an ugly looking hatchet, they faced each other for the fray—the women meantime viewing the preparations with unconcern. For a moment they stared at each other like wild beasts over disputed prey, and then sprang forward with uplifted weapons. In the first onslaught Ho's nimbleness of foot saved him, for stepping quickly to one side, the hatchet of Mun Gee cleaved nothing but air, and Ho buried the blade of his tomahawk in the cheek of his unwieldy adversary. Withdrawing it he stepped back into position. Howling vengeance, and with a torrent of blood gushing from his frightful wound, Gee rushed upon his man, and with a dexterous blow, which would have been fatal had it reached its mark, laid a three-cornered piece of Ho's ear on the floor, and received in return an ugly gash in the right shoulder from Ho's knife. Gee was now bleeding freely, and with the ebbing of the crimson tide oozed his strength and discretion. He fought wildly, while his wily antagonist rained his hatchet blows fast and sure, cutting Gee in a terrible manner about the face, hands and neck. At last, as Gee endeavored to grapple his opponent, he received a deadener under the right ear from Ho's hatchet. Ho, fearing arrest, fled. About this time the police arrived upon the scene. Gee was put in his bed and a physician summoned. Although horribly mutilated Gee may possibly recover. The wound in the neck is not deep, and the jugular vein was missed. The section of his left ear is the only relic the authorities have of Ho, and even that will be relinquished to the medical faculty on application."

In Brussels, the milk-carts are pulled by dogs.

"Feminary" is the latest for female seminary.

"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." Yes, and when some men would dye they first get madder.

The difference between a country and a city greenhorn is that one would like to know everything, and the other things he can tell him.

It may appear anomalous, but, nevertheless, is a fact, that of all the trades the pugilists are almost the only professionals who have not gone "on a strike."

An affectionate wife in Ohio has recovered a verdict of \$7,000 against a liquor dealer under the new law, "for the loss of her husband's society for three years."

Scene in a German omnibus: Conductor, tor to housemaid: "Now, my dear-where shall I let you out?" Housemaid: "Corner of Bockman street, third story."

A woman in Kansas City made a fire in the stove, put her bread in the oven, and then made a half-hour visit to a neighbor. When she returned the bread was burnt. Later—So was the house.

When Sir David Baird was taken prisoner in India, the news of the event was brought to his mother. They told the old lady that her son had been taken prisoner, and chained to another man. "Oh," said she, "wae's me for the man that's chained to him."

There is a story of a grocer who is so economical that he sends home the bundles his customers buy, and when they arrive at the houses has the boy empty the paper bags and bring them back with the strings they were tied up with. That's what you call a careful grocer.

Anxious parent in the rural district—"John, I suppose the students learn a great deal of astronomy at the Harvard observatory?" Innocent son—"Well, the observatory isn't quite so convenient as one of the Athenaeums in Boston, where we see new stars every week!" Parent—"Bless me! what advantages you boys do have!"

WOMEN IN COLLEGE.—A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* indulges in the following account of some of the things they do at Vassar College, and of the sort of girls that do them: There is a gymnasium attached to Vassar. Into this also we entered, took our seats in a small gallery, and witnessed the evolutions of a hundred young women, armed with billiard cues, and dressed in short gowns and red sashes. They marched, counter-marched, clapped their hands, stamped, struck out straight from the right shoulder, straight from the left, turned, twisted, got mixed upon an apparently inextricable whirl, got mixed out again, and aimed their billiard cues at us seated in the gallery. Said my companion to me: "Those are not a healthy looking lot of girls," and they were not, and their drill-mistress, who stood directing their motions from a sort of pulpit in front, was as poor in flesh and sallow in complexion as any of her company. I think they needed more exercise in the open air. They should be mounted occasionally on a "bucking" Mexican mustang, and turned loose on the beautiful and expansive grounds of Vassar College. That would bring the right sort of color to their cheeks, and incite their sluggish lives to more healthy action. There is a riding school attached to the establishment, and when I entered it three or four sedate looking young ladies were cantering around the ring on three or four sedate appearing horses, who looked as if their entire lives had been passed in the study of the higher mathematics.

STEAM ROAD WAGONS.—Carriages propelled by locomotives on ordinary roads have long been in use in certain parts of Great Britain, and the question is being discussed there as to the feasibility of employing them more frequently. The owner of one of these road-steamers, writes the London *Times* from Aberdeen in defence of the system. He has had a road-steamer, provided with patent India-rubber tires, running regularly between Aberdeen and his flour-mill, some three miles distant, for the last three years. It has to pass through narrow streets in leaving the town, and along narrow and winding country roads, with a gradient in many places of one in eight or ten, pulling an ordinary gross weight (including steamer) of some fifteen tons, and making five or six journeys per day. The speed is limited by law, but there is no difficulty whatever on the open high road of making a speed of eight or ten miles per hour. He computes that his road-steamer has already made 2,692 journeys of three miles each, having thus travelled over eight thousand miles, and carried about forty thousand tons gross weight. During the whole three years he has not met with an accident, nor heard of any complaints; even the horses becoming accustomed to their iron brother after a little time. It is difficult to imagine what might be the state of things if each man had his locomotive tearing along the highways or even the suburbs of our crowded cities, instead of his span of horses; but in isolated cases it seems to work—at least it appears to have done so in that of the Aberdeen correspondent.

An Irishman named Craven and two sisters left London for America to seek their fortune. They arrived in New York, and seemed to be then, as they had been during the voyage, in good bodily and mental health. But within